

CHANDAMAMA

DECEMBER 1980

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Turn to page 35
for the story of
GLIMPSES OF THE
NEW MAGAZINE

Jeevan and Hanu introduce: The World's Oddest Figures



◀ The shortest adult ever known was **Pauline Musters** of Holland. At 19 years she measured merely 23.2 inches!

The world's heaviest human was **Robert Hughes** of the U.S.A. - he grew from an 11-14 pound baby to a 1,069 pound adult. ▶



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Next: The Two Find-outers say hello to the world's human-est creatures.

Raju paints without brush

Raju Paints without brush.

Raju was a clumsy boy. He liked to paint no doubt. But always used to spill water from the bowl, smudge the floor, spoil his hands and clothes.

Which mother would tolerate such things? 'No more painting' said his mother.

Mohan felt sorry for Raju. He showed him his box of oil pastels.

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Now Raju's mother too has bought him a box of oil pastels.



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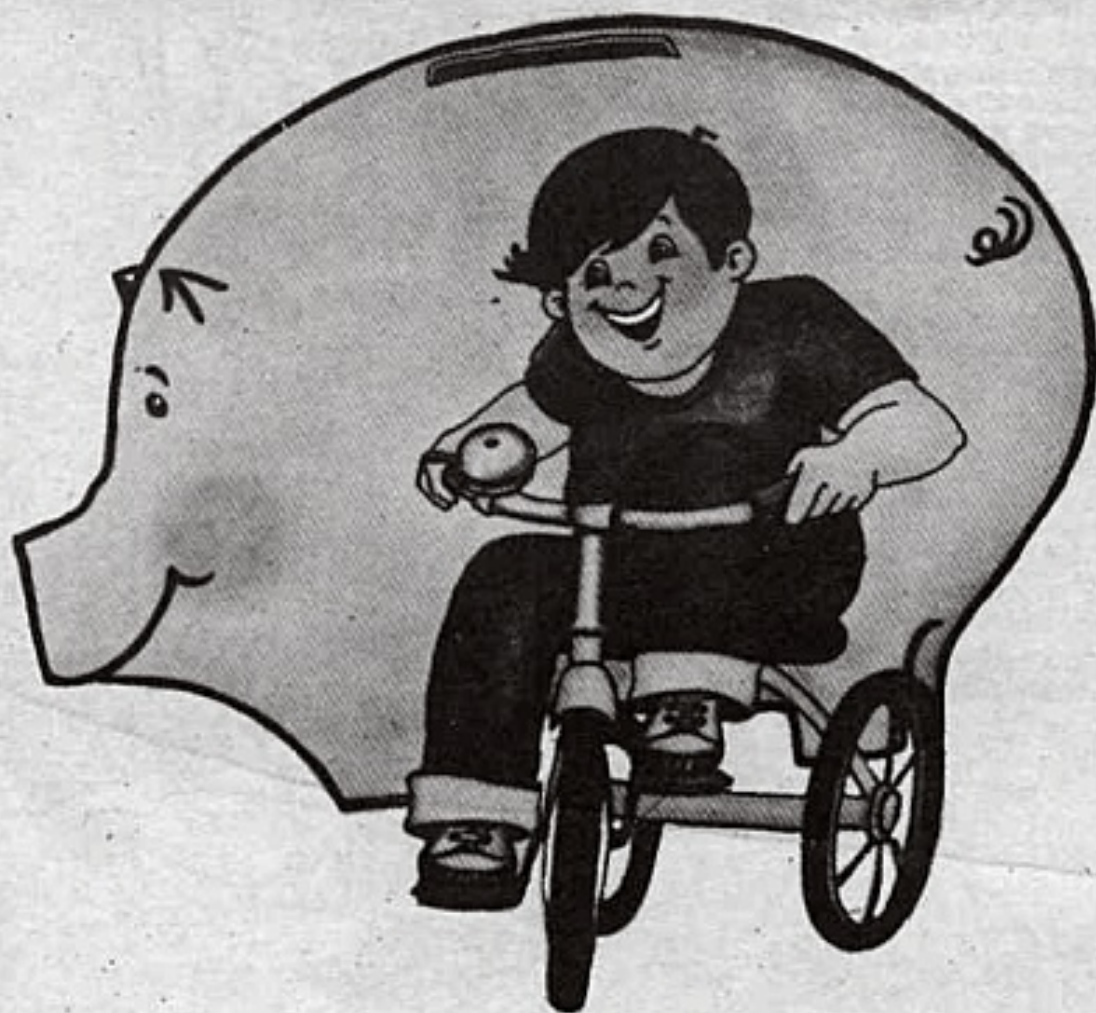
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IN THIS ISSUE

- THE THREE PRINCESSES : Last but one chapter of the
fairy tale novella.....Page 11
- EMPEROR KHARAVELA : A memorable life through
pictures.....Page 35
- THE GOLDEN FLEECE : Pictorial story of a poignant
legend.....Page 17
- THE GOAT WHO LAUGHED : A Jataka story that attacks
blind rituals.....Page 55
- BAL GANGADHAR TILAK : Story of the 'Maharaj' whose
kingdom was people's hearts.....Page 31

PLUS FIVE STORIES AND SEVEN OTHER FEATURES.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

किं करोत्येव पाण्डित्यमस्थाने विनियोजितम् ।

अन्धकारप्रतिच्छन्ने घटे दीप इवाहितः ॥

Kim karotyeva pāṇḍityamasthāne viniyojitam

Andhakārapratichchanne ghaṭe dīpa ivāhitah

What is the use of trying to apply learning at the wrong place ? That will be like trying to remove darkness through a lamp which is placed in a closed pot.

The Panchatantram



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Founder: CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

HOME OF MANY FAITHS

Our warm Christmas Greetings to our readers! This is a time to remember the saint who first brought the message of Christ to India. See the feature **Memorable Moments from History.**

A legend tells us that when St. Thomas touched the Malabar Coast—that was nearly two thousand years ago—among those who welcomed him was a Jewish girl. That means, Jews had had a settlement in India even prior to his arrival. When did the first batch of Jews come to India? We are not sure. There is a legend to tell us that they came in King Solomon's ships. If that is so, they must have arrived nearly three thousand years ago!

In India both Jews and Christians had their peaceful settlements while elsewhere in the world the situation was quite different.

Then, in the 7th century, India housed yet another new faith. A number of followers of Zoroaster fled their country, Persia, because they were unwilling to give up their age-old faith for the new religion, Islam. Their descendants, known as the Parsees, are the only pre-Muslim Persians anywhere in the world. India is their home.

Thus India has been the home of many faiths—through the ages. This is a great heritage our forefathers have built for us to preserve.

Crime and Punishment

In a corner of a small jungle lived a deer and a crow—very close friends. The deer wandered here and there in search of grass and vegetables and the crow always kept an eye on him. If the crow saw a hunter or a big beast, he cautioned the deer on time.

Both returned to their cosy corner in the evening and exchanged their experiences of the day.

A jackal coveted the deer's flesh. But he could not kill

a deer! He made a wicked plan in his mind and slowly approached the deer.

"Good evening, dear deer, I wish to be a friend of yours," said the jackal.

Just then the crow returned and perched on a branch.

"This jackal wants to befriend us!" the deer informed the crow.

"I am not in favour of extending friendship to a stranger," the crow told bluntly. But the jackal gave a long lecture on



the virtue of looking upon all as friends and silenced the crow.

Days passed. One day the jackal confided to the deer, "To the west of the jungle there are a few acres of fertile land abounding in tender crop. Let me lead you there."

The deer followed the jackal and discovered the green fields. The crop tasted very sweet. He thanked the jackal and kept visiting the fields daily.

The owner of the fields got upset. One evening he spread a net in the field. In the morning the deer was trapped.

"Who but my friend, the jackal, can save me from this

predicament!" he told himself and waited for the jackal.

The jackal reached there soon and grew joyous at the sight. "The owner of the field will no doubt throw away the deer's bones. Whatever flesh they would contain should be enough for me," he mused.

"Hello, jackal, see my plight and save me," cried out the deer, full of hope.

The jackal pretended to feel sorry. But said he, "I wish I could free you. But this net is made of animal-tissues. Today being a Sunday, how can I touch such a nasty thing? If you don't mind, I shall try to free



you tomorrow."

Without waiting for the deer to speak again, the jackal went away and sat hiding in a bush.

It grew dusk. The crow felt anxious as the deer did not return to their lodge. He flew here and there and soon traced the deer.

"How did you come to such a pass?" the crow asked.

"For not heeding your counsel. It is the wicked jackal, I now realise, who has thrown me into this danger" replied the deer.

"Where is that creature?"

"Must be nearby, waiting for a share of my flesh."

"You devil, you criminal," shouted the crow cursing the invisible jackal, "do you think that you shall go unpunished?" He then thought out a strategy. "I'll be atop the tree," he told

the crow. "When I see the owner of the fields approach, I'll caw. You should lie down as if dead. When I caw for the second time, you should spring up and run away."

It was dawn when the crow saw the man coming. He cawed and the deer lay sprawling on the ground.

"Already dead, eh? That makes my job easy!" mused the man. He then disentangled the deer from the net and began to fold the net.

The crow cawed again. At once the deer sprang to his feet and began to run.

The man picked up his huge stick and hurled it to hit the deer. But it hit the jackal and killed him instantly. The crow heard the jackal's death-cry before taking off.



THREE PRINCESSES

(After Udayan found out the wizard hanging upside down from a roof inside the underground castle and freed him, both discussed the situation and decided to act immediately to recover the lost magic powder.)

16. The Suspended Serpents

Nishith had promised to the giant that he would fetch Udayan to him. The giant was much disturbed at the fact that Udayan was in possession of the magic powder. He expected Nishith to at least return with the powder, if not with Udayan.

Nishith was sincerely looking for Udayan, though certainly not to produce him before the giant. Unfortunately, the cruel giant had left him speechless,

just as he had done to the three princesses.

Soon Nishith reached the domain of the petty King, Virpratap. The king's officers mistook him to be Udayan and led him to their king.

Virpratap too at first mistook Nishith to be Udayan. Since he had stolen away Udayan's magic powder, he feared him. However, he feigned happiness and said, "Come, come, brave





young man, I hope, your mission is accomplished!"

Nishith was surprised. He was quite new to this place. What was the mystery behind all these people looking upon him as one familiar to them? The pity was, he could not talk to them. Through gestures he indicated to his hosts that he had grown dumb.

"How did this come about, Udayan? You were as fluent as any of us when you left us last! Who did this mischief to you? You are not acting, I hope!" shouted the king with surprise and suspicion.

Once addressed as Udayan,

Nishith had no difficulty in understanding what was the illusion he had created in the king's mind.

He requested, again through gestures, for a scrap of paper and a pen. When they were brought to him, he wrote down that he was not Udayan but Udayan's brother. He was looking for Udayan and he would be grateful if the king could help him in finding out Udayan.

The king sat pensive. Was not the young man pretending to be dumb? Had he not come with the intention of relieving him of the stolen magic powder?

A dark design flashed in his mind. Whatever be the visitor's motive, all will end if he is killed! Most probably the giant had finished Udayan. With two of the three brothers removed, there would be hardly any obstacle to his marrying the three princesses! In any case, the remaining brother too could be silenced at an opportune moment if he dared to visit his kingdom.

"Listen, young man, your brother had paid a visit to us, but only for a day. I do not know where he is now. If you so wish, I can give you two of

my sepoy. They would help you search for him. They can enquire of people about him since you have lost your power of speech," said the king.

Nishith bowed down and conveyed his thanks to the king in silence.

The king conferred with his minister secretly. It was decided to send two assassins with Nishith. They were to put an end to Nishith in a jungle outside the forest. It was to be done in utmost secrecy. The three princesses ought not to get the slightest hint of it.

In the underground castle the wizard told Udayan, "My friend, it is time for the giant to be

back. I must hang from the roof in the manner he had left me. You must hide in a corner. When he enters this hall leaving the door open, you can slip out. Thereafter your first duty should be to locate your brothers. Nothing more is to be done for the time being."

"Won't the giant demand to know how this jar got shattered?" asked Nishith.

"He is likely to do that. But don't you worry. I know how to satisfy him," said the wizard.

Udayan then helped the wizard to hang from the roof, his head down. He hid in a corner himself.

As predicted by Udayan, the





giant arrived soon. At once his eyes fell on the broken pieces of the jar.

"Who did this?" he roared out.

"I did it—unwittingly. Extremely bored with my position, I began swinging. My head struck the jar. It got upturned and shattered. I'm sorry," explained the wizard.

"What a fool you are!" commented the giant. Just then Udayan slipped out of the hall and, mingling with the batch of guards going out to the open, was soon out of the underground castle.

It was then that he heard,

from the conversation between two guards, that Nishith had gone in his search and that Kumar was in the lake, changed into a swan.

He was worried for Nishith. How was Nishith going to find him since he was here? This was a vexing situation. He decided to consult the wizard again. At night he re-entered the underground castle as stealthily as he could.

He was surprised to see the hall lying open. The rope hung from the beam, but the wizard was not to be seen.

Suddenly a sense of disappointment overwhelmed Udayan. Years had elapsed since his setting out with his brothers in search of the lost princesses. They had traced the girls too. They had succeeded in killing one of the two giants. They had risked their lives again and again. Even then no success of the mission was in sight. How long was the ordeal to continue? When will it be possible for him to return to his land and begin leading the life of a peace-loving man?

While these questions tormented his mind, he moved from cabin to cabin. Suddenly he pressed his foot on a button-like

device. Before him opened up a door. He advanced, but a hissing sound stopped him. Three terrible snakes hung from an arch that led into a long golden passage.

He felt the urge to proceed. But how to avoid the snakes? He crept into a jar and began rolling forward. He guessed that the furious snakes beat the jar in vain.

When he was yards past the snakes, he came out of the jar. All around him stood splendid gold walls, gorgeously decorated, but without a living creature. Soon he happened to spot yet another button-like device. This time he pressed his foot deliberately on it and saw the wall opening up into another long and spacious tunnel. With cautious steps Udayan advanced further.

From the top of a silver arch hung six snakes—all equally ferocious, flicking their tongues. Udayan took recourse to the same means of escaping them; he crept into the jar and rolled past them.

But he had gathered more speed than warranted. The jar dashed against a wall and got shattered.

He stood up. A many-hued



light brightened the room. A few yards before him stood a closed door studded with jewels.

Does this door lead towards something mysterious? He had a feeling that it was so. He passed a searching look all over the floor. He saw no device to open the door. However, a ring hanging from the roof claimed his attention. He jumped and took hold of it.

His pull resulted in the jewelled door opening up with a thunderous sound.

He was about to cross the door when he saw a full dozen snakes suspended from an arch before it.

Udayan had been determined to advance till the end and explore all the secrets of the underground castle. If the jar was gone, he had the sword with him. With a swift movement he cut down six snakes. The other six writhed and hissed furiously. He struck his sword again. Five snakes were cut—but the sixth one bit him in the left arm.

With a third stroke he killed the last snake, but he began to feel an excruciating pain in his left arm. There was no time to lose. He knew that the poison would soon spread all over his body and kill him.

With a daring stroke he cut off the bitten arm.

He fell down and fainted. When he got back his sense, he saw the place drenched in his blood. He crawled forward. The tunnel ended up in a cave and in the cave stood the image of an awful deity, with an owl seated on one of her hands. A stone pot contained some ash. Udayan applied the ash to his cut. Surprisingly, the bleeding stopped.

But as soon as he looked up at the deity's face, flames and smoke emanating from her nostrils filled up the room. Udayan could hardly breathe or see.

To be concluded



THE GOLDEN FLEECE



Athamas, the king of Thebes, married Nephele, the goddess of clouds. They had two children - Phrixus, a boy, and Helle, a daughter.

But Athamas fell in love with a princess, Ino, and married her. That angered Nephele.



Nephele stopped the clouds from raining over Thebes. Drought-hit people came to Athamas. Athamas did not know what to do.



Ino, who was jealous of Phrixus and Helle, said that rain will come if the two children were sacrificed. Phrixus and Helle were led to the altar.





Suddenly descended a ram with fleece of pure gold, sent by Nephele. The two children hopped on to its back and it flew away.

As the ram rose high, Helle felt giddy and tumbled off. The spot in the sea where she was drowned is known as Hellespont.



The ram descended in the kingdom of Colchis. The king of the land, Acetes, received Phrixus with affection.

The ram was sacrificed to God Jupiter. Its golden fleece was hung on a tree, guarded by a dragon that never slept.



Minds That Worked Alike

In the city of Sindah lived a merchant. He was known to be an honest trader and many were his friends. That is why he moved about alone with his camel. He sold his merchandise always fast, for his customers did not haggle with him.

There were two cheats in the city. They knew the merchant, but the merchant did not know them. Once when the merchant was going to another city, this time loading his camel with costly wares, the two cheats fol-

lowed him. They carried with them some cheap wares.

The merchant stopped and relaxed at noon under a tree. The two cheats arrived there and greeted him. They showed as if the meeting was a matter of chance.

After a warm chitchat for a while, the two cheats said, "You are an experienced merchant. We are lucky that we met you. You will be our guide." The merchant smiled. He was never unwilling to help others.





Thereafter they marched together. By evening they were near a bazar. They decided to spend their night in a road-side inn. The merchant tied his camel to a pole. They put their bales in a room and locked it.

"Come on, let's go to the bazar and dine," proposed the cheats. A shortcut lane that lay to the bazar was a desolate one. The cheats planned to strangle the merchant on the way. Then they would have returned to the inn and decamped with the merchant's bale.

"My friends, I'm not feeling

hungry. I have some food with me which I'll eat an hour or two later. Let me stroll on the river-bank. You can go for your food," said the merchant.

The cheats decided to wait for another opportunity to do away with the merchant.

When the two wanted to go for food, the inn-keeper pointed two shops in two different directions and told them that both the shops sold excellent food.

"Good," the first cheat told the second, "I propose that you visit one shop and I visit the other. And we fetch the best items we find which we can share."

"That is an excellent idea," exclaimed the second cheat.

Both returned in an hour. Asked the first, "What have you brought?"

"Bread and curry. What about you?"

"Also bread and curry! Let's do one thing. Since both have brought the same food, you eat what I've brought and I eat what you've brought," said the first cheat.

"An excellent idea again. I was going to propose the same thing," said the second cheat.

"Our minds work alike, don't they?" asked the first as both

laughed.

They entered their room and exchanged their food and sat down to eat them. Soon both began shrieking and vomiting. The inn-keeper came running. So did a few others. But all that the cheats could do was point angry fingers at each other and groan. Then they sprawled on the ground and writhed in pain and became still. They had died.

Indeed, their minds worked alike. While going to buy food in different directions, each had thought of stealing the merchant's wealth all by himself. Each had poisoned the food he

bought for the other friend to eat it and die.

Soon the merchant was back in the inn. He was shocked to see his two companions lying dead. A little later a batch of travellers from his home-town, Sindah, stopped at the inn. The merchant told them how two traders of Sindah had just died mysteriously!

The travellers saw the dead-bodies and exclaimed, "Traders? These are notorious cheats!"

Now the merchant was in a position to figure out what might have really happened!





THE FOX THAT WON'T LAUGH!

It was a snowy evening. A young fox was returning from his hunt to his cave. He was hungry for he was unable to hunt any creature on that day. As he looked for food here and there, a drift of pleasant smell attracted him. He sniffed and looked around.

There came a hunter pulling his sledge. As he came nearer the fox detected that the sledge contained a pot of meat.

He ran towards the hunter and said, "Sir! Why do you pull your sledge when God had created creatures like me to do that job? Harness me to your sledge and sit on it comfortably.

I'll pull the sledge for you."

The hunter, pleased with the proposal, agreed. The little fox drew the sledge with his might and main, thinking deeply about a way to eat the meat. An idea flashed in his mind. He slipped his paw into a crack on the snow and fell down and howled at the top of his voice.

"What happened, you nice little creature?" the hunter asked, bending anxiously over the fox.

"My good sir! I have fractured my leg. What a pain it gives me!" cried the fox.

"Then take rest here. I'll move on. It is getting dark and

"I should find a place to pitch a tent."

"Kind sir! Have pity on me. If you leave me at this stage the wild animals will tear me to pieces. Save me please," cringed the fox.

The kind-hearted hunter took pity on the little creature. He put him on the sledge.

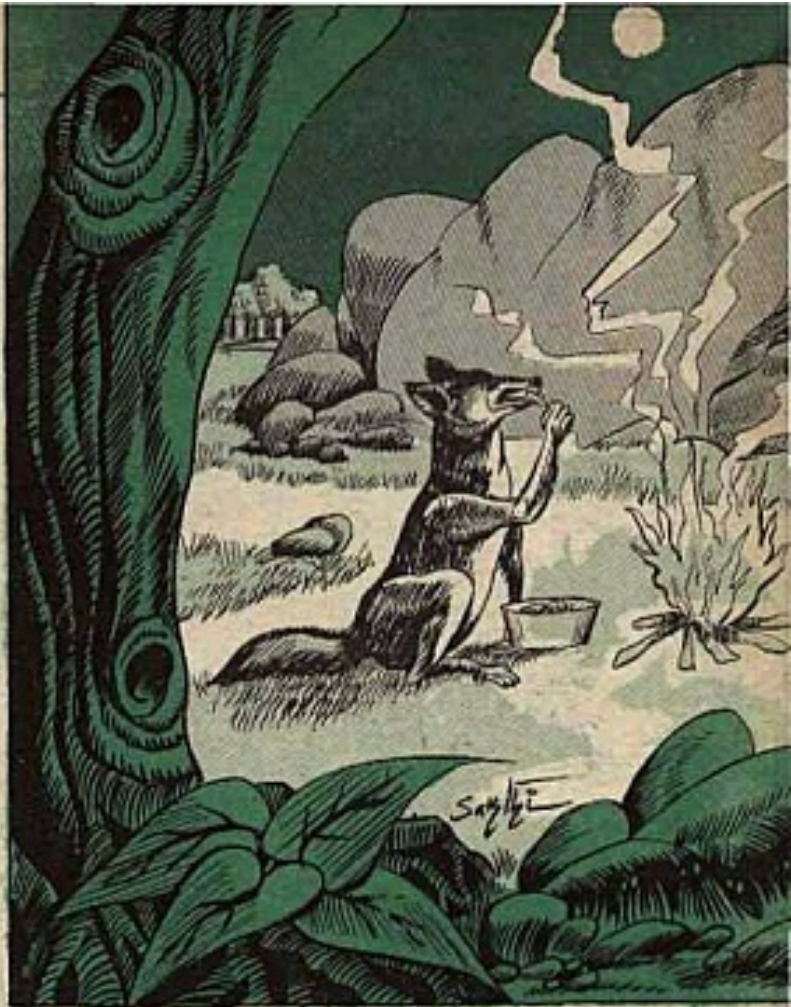
As the hunter moved on, searching for a good place to pitch his tent, the fox gulped half of the meat he found in the pot. Then, like a goody-goody fox, he lay moaning softly.

Before it was night, the hunter found a lovely spot and stopped to pitch his tent. First he lighted a fire.

"I'll wait here guarding your goods and the sledge. You can go and cut poles for your tent," said the fox.

The hunter thanked the fox and set off to fetch poles. The fox got busy to empty the pot of its content. The last chunk of meat had a stick of bone in it. A hurried bite claimed a tooth of the fox. But that was not a high price for the excellent treat. He finished and escaped.

A little later the hunter returned. His fire had extinguished. The fox was not to be seen. Above all he was shocked to



see his meat pot upturned. He picked up the empty pot and found something that went rattle-rattle at its bottom. It was a broken tooth of the young cheat. The hunter understood how the tooth came into it.

"You have taught me a good lesson, cunning little fox! Now it is my turn to teach you," grumbled the hunter.

In the morning the hunter took nothing but his hatchet and set off following the track of the young thief. On his way he gathered tiny fruits, peas, nuts and berries for his food and stuffed them into his hat, pockets and mittens. He went



on and on keeping a close look at the track. The track took the hunter into a little grove and there he found a skulk of foxes, big and small, old and young.

They welcomed the hunter and served him with peanuts. The hunter, while eating, stole glances at all the foxes. But he was unable to make out the culprit for all the young foxes had invariably reddish-yellow fur and were all very much alike.

"Entertain us with a good story, sir!" requested an old fox.

The hunter grabbed at the opportunity. "A story.....a good story. Why not? Listen," said the hunter.

The young thief became very alert. And as the hunter opened his mouth, the guilty fox pressed his lips and kept his mouth tightly shut.

The hunter began: There once lived a monkey who never washed himself clean. Nits and lice gathered on him and they multiplied. Unable to bear them any longer he sought the advice of a wise owl.

"Go and dance. Dance and dance and shake them off. Never stop till you get rid of them all," advised the owl.

The monkey obeyed. He danced and danced and all the lice started dropping off him like peas.

The hunter paused and resumed, "But let me show you how the monkey danced and how the lice fell," He hopped and spun. As he twisted and turned the tiny fruits, peas, nuts and berries, fell from his hat, pockets and mittens. "You see," continued the hunter, "This is how the nuts and lice dropped off the monkey."

The hunter continued his dance and the foxes were rollicking with laughter. He looked stealthily at all the cunning faces around him. There in a corner he noticed a young fox

trying to stomach his laughter. He moved near the fox and danced. He jumped up and down, hopped higher and higher, twisted hither and thither. And the peas and berries rained on the ground. The young fox who so far tried his best to suppress his laughter at last broke into a loud. "Ha.....ha.....he hee... heeeeeee."

That was just what the hunter had been waiting for. The fox betrayed himself by laughing and the hunter noticed that it had one tooth missing. He pounced on the culprit. The foxes had been exhausted by their laughter. Now scared by his act, they ran for their lives pell-mell.

"At last, I have caught you.

Ha.....ha.....haaa," roared the hunter.

The fox shivered and pleaded, "My lord! Have mercy on me. Never in my life shall I cheat anyone. I'll be your slave till I die doing your command!"

"You as my slave? No, thanks. I've thrashed you and that is enough. I am to blame for having believed you. However, what if I cut the end of your tail off? So that you never forgot the incident!" proposed the hunter.

"Please, sir, believe me, I'll never be a rogue again!" cried out the fox.

"I don't believe you, nevertheless, I leave you!" said the hunter and he let go the fox.

Retold by P. Raja





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THE MAGIC NECKLACE

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. Cracks of thunder were preceded by flashes of lightning, revealing weird faces. It rained from time to time. Howling of jackals got mixed up with peals of eerie laughter.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the tree again and got the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse said: "O King, are you taking this pain in order to master some supernatural power? Well, to possess any such power might not be bad; may be thereby you will be able to serve others. But that is not free from risk. Bhimsingh had come to possess some such power. But what was his ultimate benefit? Let me tell you his story. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Bhimsingh was a farmer. He pros-

pered through hard labour.

One day, while levelling a ground, his shovel clashed against a hard object that lay buried. Soon he dug out a jar. He opened it and was surprised to find in it a gold necklace and a palm leaf with something inscribed on it.

He brought the things home and with some difficulty deciphered the writing on the leaf. It recorded the strange story of a man who lived more than a century ago. The man had received a magic necklace from a mendicant. By putting on the necklace, he could know the secret thoughts of those he met. He used his power to blackmail many wealthy people and king's officers who secretly nursed sinful or criminal desires. Soon he became very rich through the bribes he received from them. But one day he found out, by the virtue of the necklace, that his wife hated him. Mad with fury he killed his wife. But the action also overwhelmed him with remorse. He buried the necklace along with this unusual account and left for the forest—to live as a hermit.

The discovery amazed Bhimsingh. Soon curiosity got the better of him. He put on the



necklace and strolled into the village.

He was to pay some money to a certain Lombu Singh, a relative of the landlord. As soon as he saw Lombu, he understood that the fellow was plotting to kill the landlord. He had employed two ruffians who were to attack the landlord when he would be out for his evening stroll around his grove.

"But isn't our landlord a noble soul?" Bhimsingh muttered.

Lombu started and looked at Bhimsingh with suspicion and surprise. Bhimsingh grew sure of his knowledge, but he said



nothing more.

He advanced towards the grove stealthily and saw the ruffians. Soon they sprang up before the landlord and raised their sticks. Instantly Bhimsingh jumped forward and brought down an iron rod on the ruffians. They fell down and groaned. Bhimsingh shouted for the villagers. Many came running. The ruffians admitted to their design that was foiled. Lombu Singh fled the village on time. But the landlord gave big reward to Bhimsingh for his life-saving action.

The landlord was never tired of praising Bhimsingh. By and

by the people knew that Bhimsingh had the power to read other's minds. But nobody knew the secret of Bhimsingh's power.

Bhimsingh, by the virtue of his magic necklace, one day came to know that Ratna, his neighbour's daughter, loved him. He proposed to marry her and her father gladly agreed to the proposal. They married.

Once talking to a group of well-dressed travellers, Bhimsingh understood that they were in fact a gang of bandits. He sent intelligence to the king. The gang was captured.

Many bad characters and desperados were caught and punished and many criminal plots were foiled, thanks to Bhimsingh's power. He grew famous. At the same time threat to his life increased. The criminals were on the look out for a chance to kill him. He could save himself because he could know their plans in advance.

Noblemen and merchants commissioned Bhimsingh to find out the thoughts of those with whom they were concerned. Bhimsingh felt awkward, for, he found how ugly and dark were the thoughts of those who

were known to be the leading people in the society. However, he grew very rich with the heavy fees he received from his clients.

One day the king summoned him and asked, "Can you tell me what is the thought that is passing in my mind just now?"

"My lord, you are thinking that it will not be possible for me to spell out your thought," replied Bhimsingh.

The king congratulated him and appointed him as courtier. Bhimsingh became even more famous and richer. All the high officials of the king paid him to let them know what the king thought about them.

One evening the king summoned Bhimsingh and asked him privately, "Do you know the purpose of my calling you?"

"Yes, my lord, you desire to know the mind of the queen!"

"Excellent. Now, meet the queen under the pretext of delivering this message to her and read her mind," said the king, handing out a letter to him.

Bhimsingh carried the letter to the queen. It contained nothing more than an information that a celebrated musician was expected to entertain them in the evening.



Looking at the queen, Bhimsingh understood that she did not have an iota of love or respect for the king.

But that Bhimsingh, on his return to the king, said, "My lord, the queen is enamoured of you!"

The king felt so happy that he made him a gift of the most precious jewel he had on his person.

But, strange, back at home, Bhimsingh hurled the necklace into the fire. The magic necklace, instead of melting, evaporated."

At night Bhimsingh and his wife left the kingdom for a

faraway town.

The vampire paused and demanded of King Vikram, "Tell me, O King, why did Bhimsingh destroy the magic necklace? Was the necklace not benefitting him as well as others? Why did he leave the kingdom? Answer me, O King, if you can. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck?"

Answered the king forthwith: "Bhimsingh was a good-natured man. He made proper use of the power the necklace gave him as long as he could. But he realised that it was not possible for him to use the power and remain good at the same time forever. It is not enough to be good to exercise a special

power; one has to be mentally strong too. Both the qualities might not be found together in a man. Bhimsingh had no strength to shock the king with the truth he knew; at the same time he felt miserable for having said a lie. He decided to give up his power.

"He had to leave the kingdom, because the king and the others would expect his service and they would get annoyed if he did not oblige them. Besides, with the necklace gone, he won't be able to know if somebody intended to harm him."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



struggle against tyranny

Shivaji Utsav or the festival to honour the memory of Shivaji became yet another opportunity for cultivating the spirit of nationalism.

But nationalism for Tilak did not mean appeals and applications made to the British Raj for allowing the Indians a few concessions. Nationalism for him was an urgent need to liberate the country. In this he differed from most of the leaders of those days who were in favour of soft words and cautious steps. Tilak had a great supporter in Sri Aurobindo. In the Surat session of the Indian National Congress in 1907, these two

revolutionaries broke away from the conservative leaders and convened a separate session of the Congress. Sri Aurobindo presided over it and Tilak was the speaker. History shows that what influenced the Congress most in the coming years were the ideas of these two visionary leaders.

The British tried their best to cower down Tilak. They did not succeed in the least. They arrested him again and again, accusing him of seditious writing or speech.

When the Plague Commissioner Rand let loose a reign of terror and was killed by the Chapekar brothers, Tilak was



arrested. He was blamed for having instigated violence. The trial was farcical and Tilak was sentenced to rigorous imprisonment for 18 months. Again, in 1908, the rulers decided to deport him for 8 years. The reasons were so flimsy that even a newspaper like the *Manchester Guardian* of England wrote: "The nature of the sentence passed on Mr. Tilak will be interpreted throughout India as a proof that the Government had resolved by hook or crook to remove him from their path."

During the trial, Tilak said, "All I wish to say is that in spite of the verdict of the Jury, I maintain that I am innocent."

There are higher Powers that rule the destiny of things and it may be the will of Providence that the cause which I represent may prosper more by my suffering than by my remaining free."

He was exiled to Mandalay. There he devoted his time to study and meditation and wrote the famous book, the *Gita Rahasya*.

Tilak fought for India's resurgence till the last moment of his life. He died in August 1920. He was known as Lokmanya—Revered by the People. He was also fondly called as Tilak Maharaj. Posterity has found in him a far-sighted statesman—and a man of iron will.



BAL GANGADHAR TILAK

"Tilak is a giant of strength and courage, the one man who knows what has to be done and does it, what to be organised and organises it, what to be resisted and resists it," wrote *The Bande Mataram*, the newspaper that was the spirited voice of India's nationalism. This was in 1906.

Bal Gangadhar Tilak was born at Ratnagiri in Maharashtra in the year 1857. After graduating from the Deccan College he took a degree in law.

He was on his way to prosper as a lawyer. He had all the qualities necessary: sharp intelligence, untiring patience, oratorical power, and a deep understanding of human nature.

But he had in him something more—the fire of patriotism. He could not think of pursuing a vocation for his own prosperity while his motherland was in bondage.

And when he spoke out, he did so with a fervour and fearlessness that had not



been known for long. "Swaraj is my birthright," he declared, "and I will have it."

He brought out two journals, *Maratha* in English and *Keshari* in Marathi. Through them he carried on his campaign against the British misrule of the country. In public meetings he delivered fiery speeches calling upon the people to stand united in the cause of freedom.

But he knew that writing articles or speech-making was not enough. In order to mobilise the people on a more firm base, he organised what became famous as the Ganapati Festival. The season for the festive worship of Lord Ganesha

became the occasion for singing the glory of the motherland, ridiculing the rulers and popularising the programme for freedom-movement.

The festival gained great popularity. The youths were very much enthused by it. The lovely elephant-headed god slaying the demon, Gajasura, was seen as symbolic of the god's victory over the oppressive.

Tilak also drew the country's attention to the fact that the tomb of Shivaji, the great hero, at his fort at Rajgarh, remained neglected. While appealing to the people to do honour to Shivaji, he told them what Shivaji stood for—a relentless



Kharavela was soon out for a march over Magadha. He must recover the image of Mahavira Jina and prove that his people had the power to avenge the humiliation done to them. His army headed towards Rajagriha.



Just then a Greek ruler, Demetrius, too was advancing upon Magadha. The king of Magadha received intelligence of imminent attacks from two sides and was greatly disturbed.

Kharavela was camping at night, not far from the frontier of Magadha. A messenger of Demetrius met him and said that the Greek ruler wished him all success. Let him attack Magadha from one side; Demetrius will invade it from another.





Kharavela saw in the Greek offer the easy way to victory. But he took an unexpected decision. He must not let a foreign invader claim a chunk of the Indian soil. He challenged the Greeks to a battle and chased them away.

Thereafter Kharavela won many territories and became the emperor over the most part of India. When he marched upon Magadha again, the king of Magadha, in a friendly gesture, surrendered the sacred image. A battle was avoided.



Kharavela devoted the last years of his life to the promotion of Jainism. He convened a great conference of Jain scholars and carved for the Jain ascetics many caves on the hills of Udaygiri and Khandagiri, near Bhubaneswar.



STORY OF INDIA—48

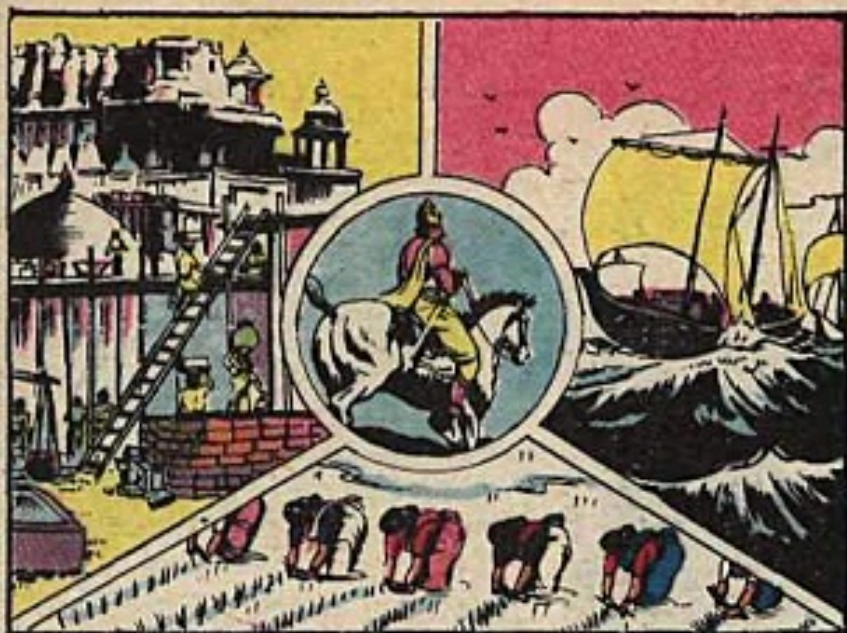
EMPEROR KHARAVELA

Once upon a time a huge image of Mahavira Jina adorned the capital of Kalinga. It was sacred to the people. But the Nanda kings of Magadha raided the Kalinga capital and carried away the image.

Soon thereafter Ashoka invaded Kalinga. Innumerable people of Kalinga gave their lives in the great resistance they offered. The sight of the gruesome bloodshed changed Ashoka's heart, but Kalinga's life was shattered.



Kalinga which had become the 5th province of the Maurya empire, became independent after Ashoka's death. But soon a terrible storm blew over it, destroying its towns and villages and gravely damaging its capital.



At this crucial hour in the life of Kalinga a young prince, Kharavela, ascended its throne. He poured all his energy and attention on the reconstruction of his capital, near the modern Bhubaneswar, and encouraged cultivation and trade.

To boost the morale of the people, he patronised cultural activities. Music and dance brought joy to the people. After years of sorrow, they enjoyed sports. Smile returned to their faces.



But the young king knew that this was not enough. He must do something heroic to arouse the people's confidence in themselves. He strengthened his army. Satisfied with other arrangements, he decided to act.



A DETECTION

This happened when King Prasenjit ruled Shravasthi. A Brahmin scholar who came over to the city found shelter in the house of a well-known merchant. This scholar was well looked after. All his expenses were met by the merchant. At the same time he earned well. Respectable people of the city often invited him to their houses. He explained scriptures to them and was rewarded.

The scholar used to change the money he received in this way into gold coins. When he had accumulated a thousand gold coins, he put them in an earthen jar. He carried the jar into the forest and buried it near a shrub of wild pulse.

At regular intervals the scholar strolled into the forest and dug the spot and was happy to see his wealth lying intact.

But one day, to his utter disappointment, he found the jar missing. He looked here and there and saw that a portion of the shrub also had gone.

The scholar was overwhelmed by sorrow. He was dreaming of going back to his village with the income. Who will give him back the fruit of his years of labour now? Frustration led him to jump to a grim decision: it was to kill himself by drowning in the river. He ran madly and was near the river before long. In his madness he did not notice the king who had just emerged from the river after bathing.

"Stop, O Brahmin, why are you running into the river so wildly? Is the river drying up?" asked the king.

The scholar stopped, surprised. As soon as he recognised the king, he burst into

tears and began narrating the cause of his frustration.

"Somebody has stolen away your property. Well, am I not there to bring the culprit to book? Being a learned man how were you ruled by such wrong passion? Don't you know that suicide is a crime against Providence?" said the king.

The scholar realised his folly. He kept quiet.

"How did you mark the spot where you had buried your wealth?" asked the king.

"My lord, there was a shrub of wild pulse on the spot. A part of that shrub also has disappeared. Someone has up-

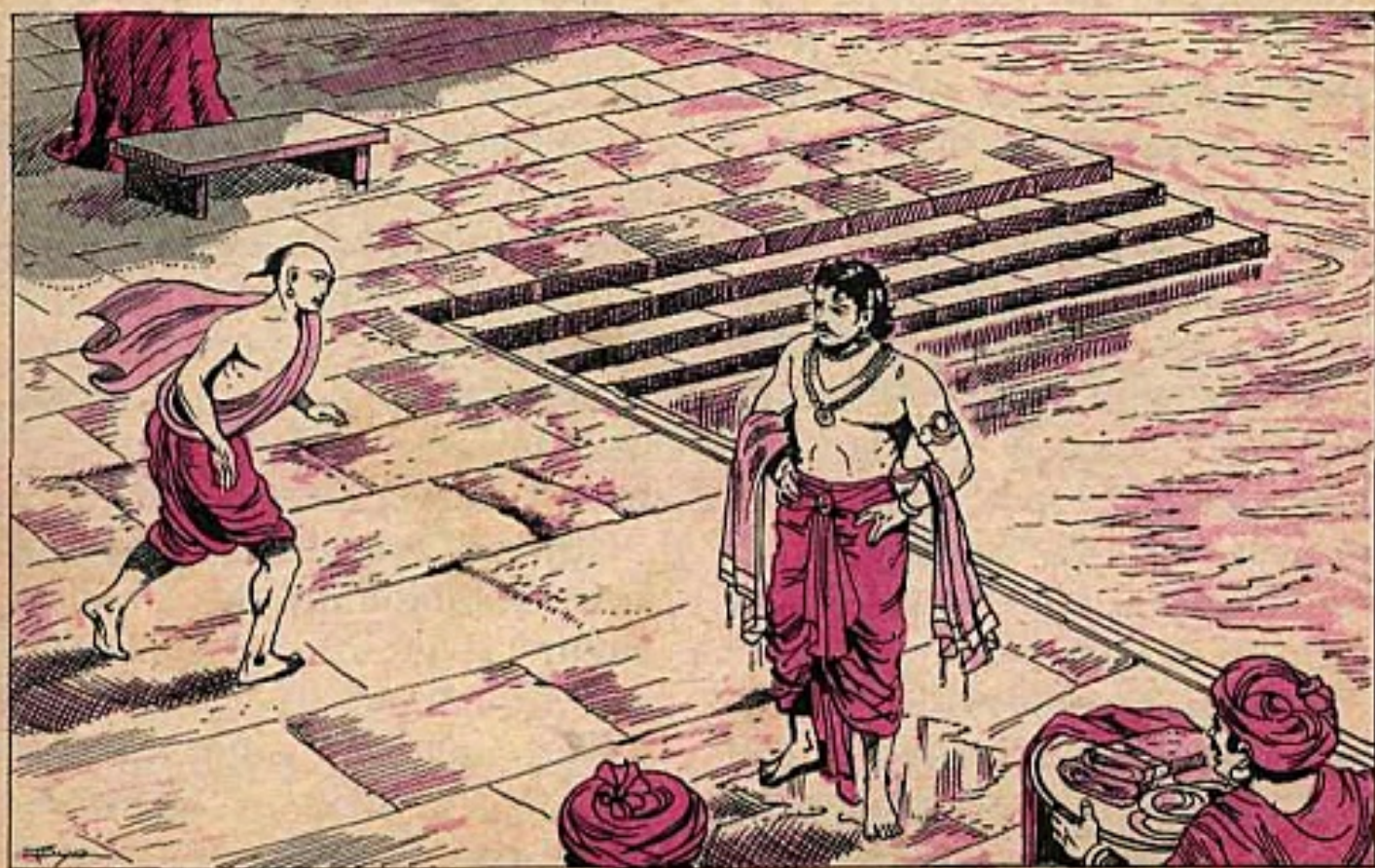
rooted it," answered the scholar.

"Well, Pundit, is that a noteworthy mark? There may be hundreds of such shrubs in the forest! Are you sure you have not buried your wealth near some other shrub than where you looked for it today?" asked the king again.

"No, my lord, that is a rare plant. There is no second shrub of that kind in the whole forest. Very few people know the efficacy and use of that plant," said the scholar.

"Are you sure nobody had seen you burying your wealth there?" asked the king.

"I am sure, my lord, that



nobody knew of my hidden property," stated the scholar confidently.

The king consoled him saying that he was hopeful of discovering the lost wealth. Then he returned to the palace.

Calling his minister, he asked him to summon the most eminent physicians of the kingdom.

Next day the physicians came and met the king one after another. "How many patients did you treat yesterday? What are the medicines you prescribed or prepared for them?" the king asked each one of them.

At last one of them said that he had treated a certain patient

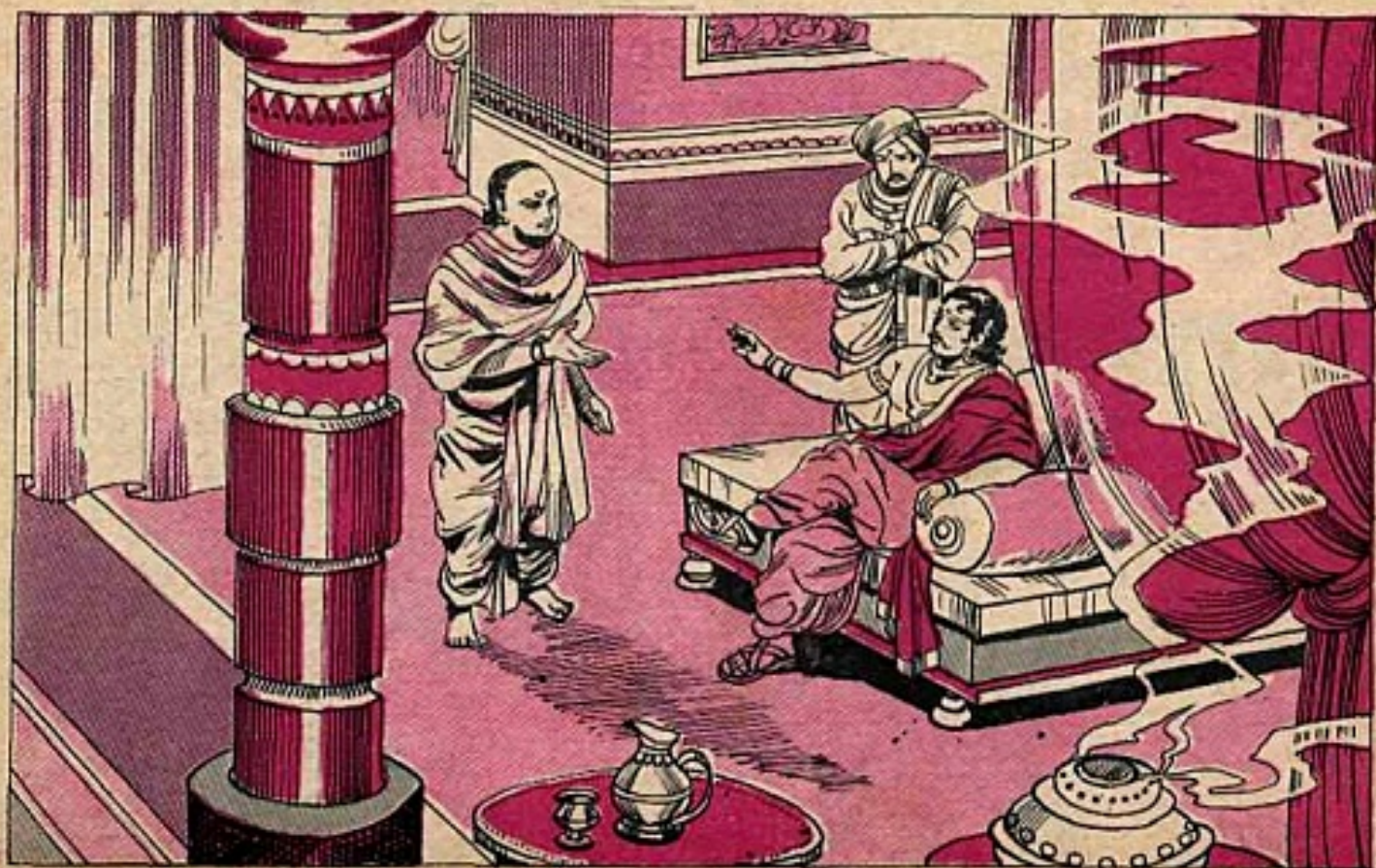
suffering from an uncommon ailment and had prepared for him a medicine which was not ordinarily available.

"Of what stuff was that medicine prepared?" queried the king.

"The most important of the ingredients necessary for that medicine is a wild pulse. It is hard to find that. Luckily, my assistant, after a thorough search of the forest, found it!" informed the physician.

The king straitened up and asked him to send the assistant immediately. The assistant duly arrived, a bit nervous.

"Fellow, what have you done



to the jar of gold coins you found yesterday while uprooting the wild pulse?" demanded the king of the physician's assistant.

The man feigned innocence and stood blinking. But the king fixed his stern gaze on his face and threatened him with dire consequence if he did not answer him truthfully.

The man trembled and fumbled out, "My lord, it is at home. Please pardon me. I thought some Yaksha had buried it there."

You will be not only pardoned but also rewarded. Go and bring the jar forthwith. The wealth belongs to a Brahmin, not a Yaksha," said the king.

The man fetched the jar. The king sent for the scholar and handed over to him his lost property. The scholar

blessed the king and left for his village happily.

The minister who watched the course of the king's investigation, asked the king, "My lord, how could you detect the missing property?"

"When the scholar said that only a few people knew the value of the shrub, I felt sure that a physician must have gone in search of it. While uprooting the shrub it was not improbable for someone to find the buried jar. I thought I can begin by finding out if any physician had used that shrub for any medicine yesterday. It was that simple!" explained the king, laughing.

"It was simple because of your intelligence, my lord," said the minister, congratulating the king.



A Trip To Dakshineswar

"India perhaps has the world's oldest cities. It is not easy to tell the age of the cities like Ayodhya, Mathura, or Varanasi. Before them Calcutta is so young! Yet some of the greatest of Indians have taken birth in or around Calcutta," observed Dr. Murty.

"Yes—the poet Tagore among them," said Ravi.

"And Vivekananda," added Raman.

"And Sri Aurobindo." It was Ravi again.

Dr. Murty smiled. He slowed down and steered the car into an old lane. "There are of course many more. But here you are right in front of the house in which one of those great men was born and breathed his last."

Soon he brought the car to a halt.

"Really? Who, please?" Ravi and Raman grew excited.

"Tagore. This is his ancestral house. He was born here on 7 May 1861 and passed away



in this very house eighty years later, on 7 August 1941," said Dr. Murty.

Dr. Murty had promised the boys to show the Tagore house at Jorasanko, in the course of his showing them the various monuments of the city. But the boys did not know that he was taking them to Jorasanko just then.

The boys saw the interesting exhibits in the house, now a national monument. There were photographs and documents galore, and a number of objects associated with the poet and the other illustrious members of the Tagore family.

"Now we are going to Dakshineswar—the place of Sri Ramakrishna," announced Dr. Murty.

"That is just wonderful. Do you know why? I was dreaming of coming to Tagore house and you brought us here. I was dreaming of visiting Dakshineswar and you are taking us there!" exclaimed Ravi with joy.

"Luckily your dreams are good, and I am happy that they are getting fulfilled..."

Dr. Murty stopped, thoughtfully.

"What are you thinking, father?" asked Raman.

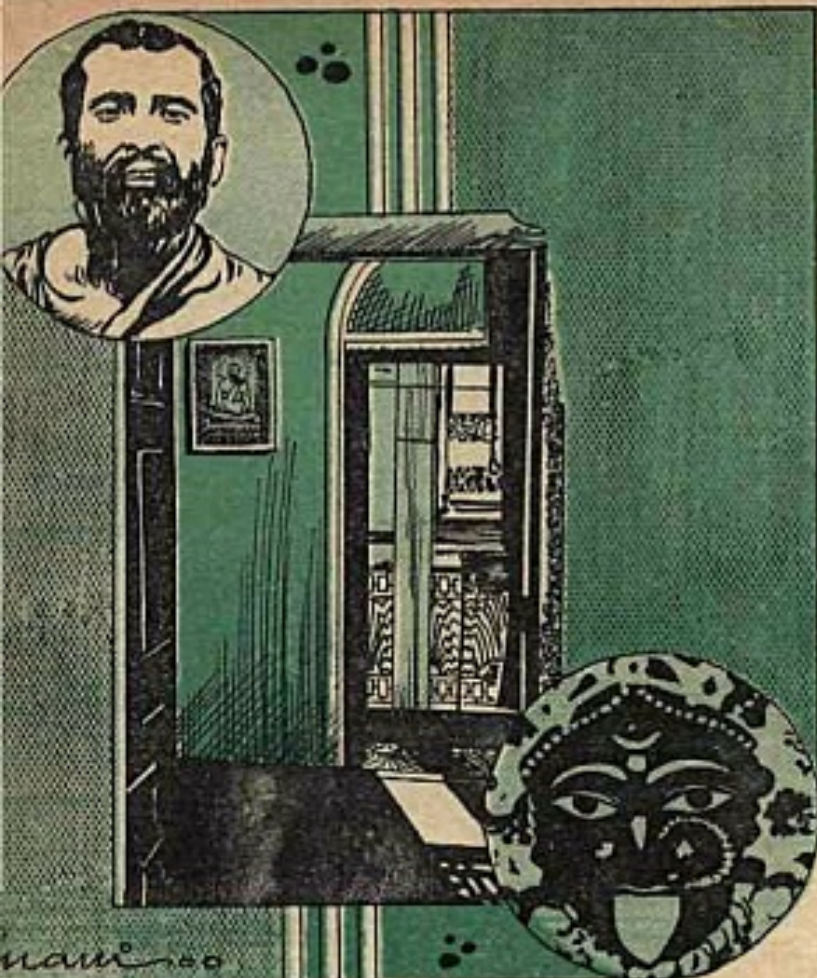


"Ravi's wishes getting fulfilled reminded me of a story told by Sri Ramakrishna."

Ravi and Raman showed their eagerness to hear the story. Dakshineswar was a long drive. It was a good opportunity for the boys to extract the story from Dr. Murty:

Once a traveller came to rest under a tree. It was a hot noon. "How nice it would be if I had a cosy bed to sleep upon," he thought, not knowing that he sat under the legendary wish-fulfilling tree.

A little jerk and he found himself on the most comfortable bed he could dream of.



Delighted, he wished that there was a damsel to fan him. Lo and behold, a smiling damsel sat beside him, fanning him.

"I wish, I had a dish of good food!" muttered the traveller. Next thing he saw was a large dish full to its brim with delicious items.

He finished them with great relish. Then he looked around and saw the place quite desolate. Soon his eyes fell on the nearby forest. "What if a tiger emerges from the forest and pounces upon me?" he wondered.

The next thing—and the last thing—he knew was a tiger pouncing upon him. Thus ended

the dream and the dreamer!

"Most interesting," commented the boys.

"And significant too. Unless our wishes were pure, it is dangerous to get the power to fulfil them," said Dr. Murty.

For the rest of the way Dr. Murty narrated a number of anecdotes of Sri Ramakrishna. At last they were at Dakshineswar on the Ganga.

It was a beautiful temple—its atmosphere charged with peace and serenity.

It had been a part of Rani Rashmani's estate. She was an enlightened woman—from a renowned family of landlords. Sri Ramakrishna who was the priest in this temple of Goddess Kali soon attracted the attention of the discerning seekers of the time. His influence was far-reaching and profound. He was acknowledged as the Avatar, an incarnation of God.

They saw the image of Goddess Kali—in which Sri Ramakrishna used to see the living Mother, they also saw the room in which Sri Ramakrishna lived. A little away from the temple stood the Panchavati, the cluster of trees in the shadow of which Sri Ramakrishna used to practise Yoga.



A Dramatic Marriage

Long long ago a wealthy Brahmin lived in the city of Pataliputra. He had a son named Prasad.

Prasad was as virtuous as he was courageous. Everybody in the city liked him. And it was in Prasad's nature to be helpful to all.

"My boy, it is time for you to get married," one day Prasad's father told him.

"Father, that will mean I will be burdened with new responsibilities. I wish to remain free for a little longer. I have a cherished desire; that is to go out on a travel through the country. If you allow me, I will now set out on the journey," said Prasad.

"Very well, my son, but return as soon as possible," said the father.

Prasad embarked on his journey. One day he met an old Brahmin on the bank of the river Narmada. The old man took Prasad to his own house and proved hospitable. Prasad felt grateful to him.

"Young man, will you do me a service? I shall divulge my wish only after you take an oath telling me that you shall oblige me," said the old man.

Prasad took the oath.

"You have to do whatever I ask you to do for a day—only one day. I will take you to the other side of the river. A wealthy man has a beautiful daughter,

his only child. He has more or less agreed to marry his daughter to my son, but he will give his final decision only after he sees my son. Let me be frank with you: My son is as ugly as you are handsome. He is also not of sound mind. I will introduce you to the bride's father as my son. After the marriage is performed, we will return with the bride. On the riverbank my son will be waiting to take your place. You just slip away. Please take care so that the bride does not see your face distinctly," proposed the old man.

Prasad felt extremely sad at the proposal. But he had placed himself under oath to do according to the old man's wish.

Next day they met the bride's father. The gentleman was immensely pleased at talking to Prasad. The bride too, through her window, saw him and was delighted.

There was an auspicious hour early in the night. It was decided to perform the marriage during that hour.

In the evening Prasad went to the river for bathing. Suddenly a giant caught him and prepared to eat him up.

"Please wait. I am under oath



to serve a Brahmin. Once my work is done, I will return to you. That will be at midnight," said Prasad.

Somehow the giant trusted Prasad. He left him and waited there.

After the marriage, the bride and the bridegroom retired into a room. The bride was under a veil. She was surprised that Prasad showed no interest in her. He did not talk and tried to hide his face.

Soon Prasad pretended to lie asleep. The bride did the same. At midnight Prasad got off the bed and walked out.

His conduct seemed mys-

terious to the bride. She followed him.

Prasad reached the river-bank. The giant was happy to see him.

"I have never known another truthful man like you. By eating you, I will be purified!" said the giant.

"Thank you very much, O giant you too are a good-natured creature. You would not have allowed me to go to fulfil my commitment otherwise, well, you can eat me up now,"

But the bride sprang up between her husband and the giant and said, "You cannot eat him. We have just got married!"

"Sweet little girl, how can I

afford to take into consideration such things? I am a giant. I have to eat a human being once in a while," said the giant.

"If that is the case, then eat me in lieu of him. I do not want to live losing my husband within hours of my marriage," said the girl firmly.

"I don't eat women. But I can tell you, there should be no difficulty in living without a husband! You can beg and live!"

"I cannot beg," declared the bride.

The giant paused for a moment. He then said, "Let me confide to you that I am no ordinary giant. I have some



supernatural powers. I can grant you a boon. Here it is: If anybody refuses to give you anything you ask of him, his head will split! If this happens once or twice, everybody will be too eager to give you whatever you need."

"Thanks. Now let me begin by asking you what I need: I need my husband!" said the bride.

The giant was taken aback. "My God! How clever you are! All right. I accept defeat. I wish you best. Take your husband and go home," said the giant.

Prasad and his bride were back in their room. Prasad had been charmed by the courage and wit of his wife. Still he was reluctant to talk to her. How can he be free with one whom he was going to desert in a few hours?

In the morning the old man left with Prasad and the bride for his village on the other side of the river. His son was waiting on the river-bank, donning the dress of a bridegroom. The old man had kept two boats ready. At a hint from him, Prasad boarded one of the two boats. The old man led his son and the bride to the other boat.



The villainous old man, in order to get rid of Prasad for ever, had made a contract with the boatman of Prasad's boat. He was to lead the boat into a dangerous whirlpool. The boat would sink. Prasad would be drowned. The boatman of course knew how to cut through the whirlpool.

Prasad's boatman acted according to the contract. The bride, under her veil, did not know anything of this. But, once on the other side of the bank, she stole a look at her companion and demanded of the old man, "Where is my husband?"

"He is walking with you," said the old man, showing his son!

Suddenly the bride understood the conspiracy. She shouted at the peak of her voice: "What ! How dare you deceive me in this fashion? Do you think there is no justice, no truth in this world? Very well. I proceed to the king's court right now!"

The guilty old man and his coward son got nervous.

"My daughter, I am afraid, you have lost the balance of your mind. Better go back to your father's house," said the old man.

"Let it be so. But I am not going to board your boat!" said the bride. She then ran into the nearest house. At her cry, villagers gathered around her. The old man and his son shrank

away and took to their heels. The villagers arranged for the bride's return to her father.

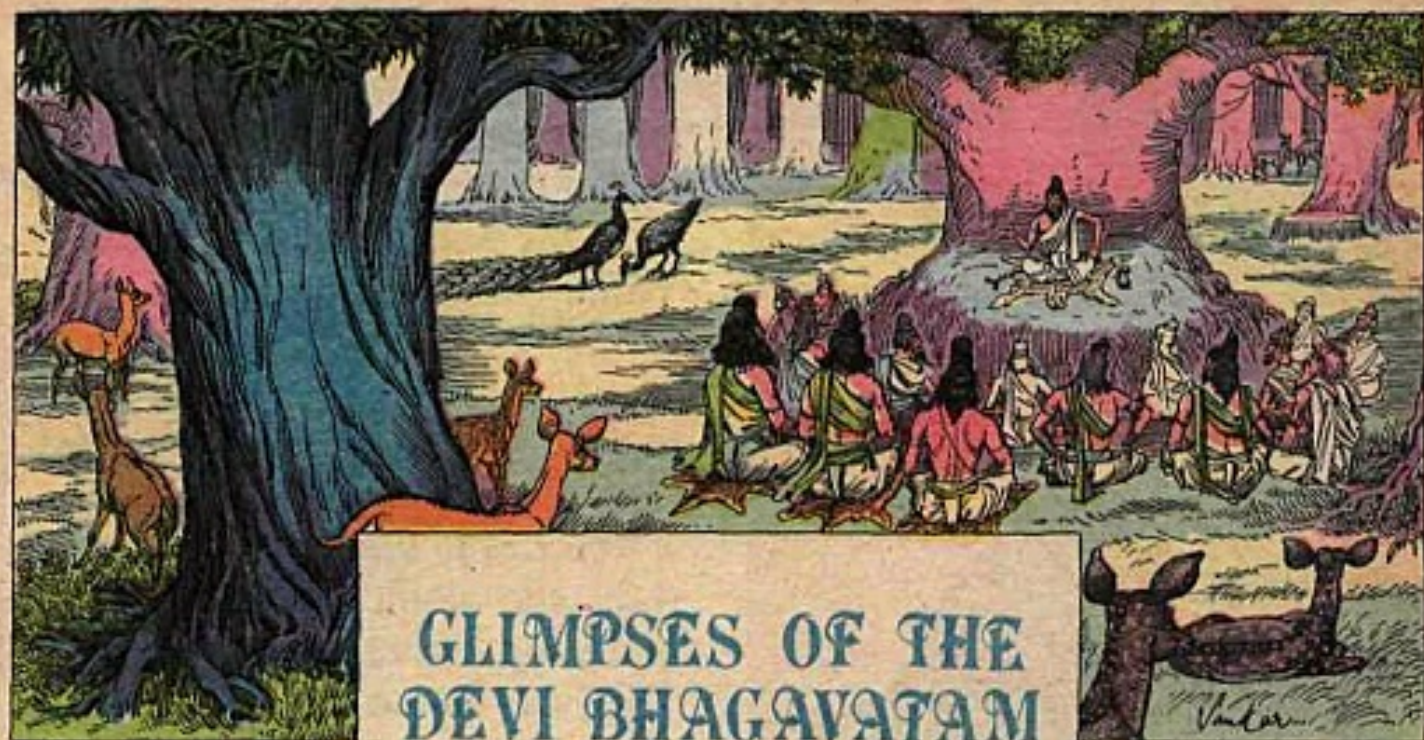
Prasad struggled against the current and ultimately succeeded in coming ashore.

"Death would have been preferable to the life of a deceitful man. I have done great injustice to the bride and her father. I must go and beg to be punished by the gentleman, now that I have no obligation towards the old man who was trying to kill me," he thought and soon reached the bride's house.

Lo and behold, there stood his bride, in front of her house! They were united, to their great joy and the joy of the bride's father.

And the joy was no less with Prasad's father when he returned home with his bride.





Thousands of years ago there was a forest called the Naimisharanya. It had been prophesied that when the Kaliyuga—the Era of Falsehood—would dawn on the earth, a certain area of the forest would remain out of its hold. A number of Rishis had chosen their abode in that area of the forest.

Among them was Suta who had heard from Vyasadeva, the great author of the Mahabharata and several Puranas, many a legend of gods, demons, and men. On behalf of the Rishis one day Shounaka prevailed upon Suta to narrate to them some of the significant incidents he knew.

“Well, I can tell you episodes from the Devi Bhagavatam—a Purana that my master Vyasadeva had narrated to his son, Suka. I too had the privilege of hearing it. Do you know the fact that once Vishnu had lost his head?”

“How strange! We could have never dreamt of such a thing!” said the Rishis in a chorus.

“This is how it came about,” said Suta, and thus he narrated the episode:

Once when the sage Vyasa desired to have a son, he prayed to Lord Vishnu. He was advised by Vishnu to seek the Grace of the Divine Mother, for she



alone could alter the destiny of a human being and give him a child even if he was not destined to have one.

Vishnu further informed Vyasa that once when he was himself in a crisis—because his head got snapped—it was the Divine Mother who came to his rescue.

Upon Vyasa growing inquisitive about the incident, Vishnu told him how it happened. Once he had to launch a prolonged struggle against the demons. Aeons passed and he had no respite.

One day, while the demons had fled from the battlefield,

Vishnu sat down under a tree. His chin resting on his bow, he fell asleep.

Just then the gods came to seek his sanction for a certain Yajna they proposed to perform. They saw Vishnu asleep. They waited for a while but they had no idea how long they must wait.

“O Lord, create a tiny creature who would go near Vishnu and snap the chord of his bow. The bow would then straighten up. That would wake up Vishnu,” the gods told Brahma.

Brahma created a tiny worm and asked it to do the needful.

The worm crawled close to Vishnu and cut the chord of his bow. The bow straightened up with so much force that it tossed Vishnu’s head off!

At that the gods stood stupefied. They never expected such a thing to happen. They cried out their shock in many words.

But their guru, Brihaspati, told them, “It is no use shedding tears on what had already happened. The question is how to undo it—or to turn the situation to the best advantage. Now that this has happened to the mighty Vishnu and the great Brahma Himself was unaware of the result of his action, we can look





up to one and one alone for help. She is the Divine Mother—the supreme source of all power.

The gods sat in meditation and directed their prayer to the Divine Mother. She was pleased to appear before them in due course.

“Mother, look what has come of Lord Vishnu. How could such a thing happen?” asked the baffled gods.

“Surely, nothing happens without a cause. Once Goddess Lakshmi, gazing at Vishnu’s charming face, thought—what if this head disappeared? That was just a fancy. But whatever idea flashes in the mind of a god

or a goddess becomes a force. Lakshmi’s fancy too became a force and worked itself out.”

Continued the Divine Mother: “But that is not the only cause of this unusual situation. Once a horse-headed demon prayed to me for a queer boon. I had to grant it—according to which he would not die unless someone who had a physical form similar to his would face him in a battle. The demon was sure that a second creature like him could not be possible. He was not wrong, for no mortal could assume his form. But now he has become a terrible menace. Here is the opportunity for Vishnu himself to put an end to the menace with a horse’s head on his neck.”

The Divine Mother, after giving this message, disappeared. The gods arranged for a horse’s head to be put on Vishnu’s body.

Vishnu—called Hayagriva or the horse-headed in his new form—advanced upon the demon’s domain. A fierce battle ensued ending in the demon’s death.

Thus had the accident that had befallen Vishnu become a blessing for those who were harassed by the demon. (Contd.)

The Goat Who Laughed

Once upon a time, near the city of Varanasi, lived a Brahmin. He had some disciples who received from him lessons in scriptures.

One day the Brahmin decided to perform a certain rite. For that it was necessary for him to sacrifice a goat.

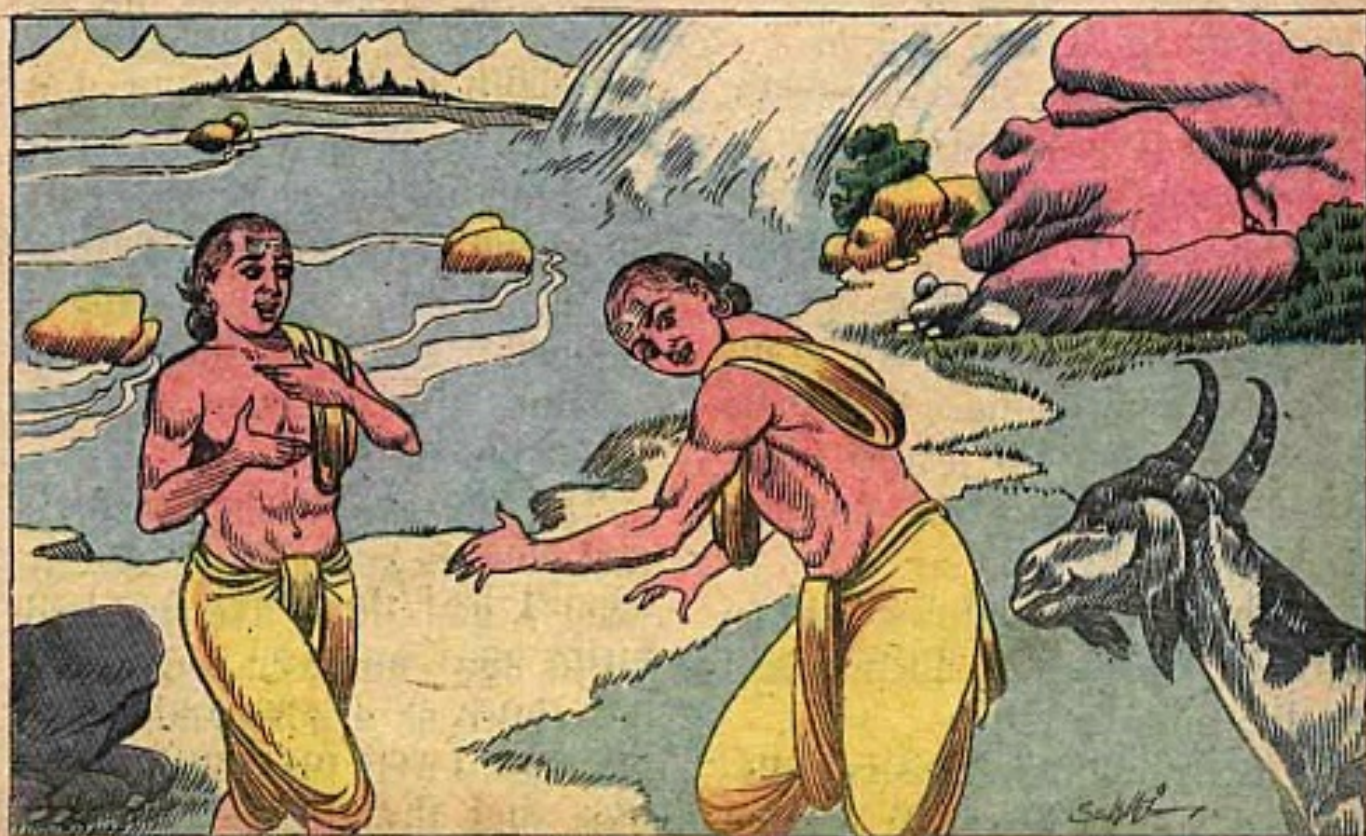
He requested a wealthy man for a goat and got it—quite a bonny one. He asked two of his disciples to lead it to the river for a bath and then to put a garland round its neck.

The disciples led the goat to the river. The sky was overcast with dark clouds.

One of the disciples bathed the goat and brought it to the shore. In the meanwhile the other had plucked flowers from the plants on the riverbank and had made a garland.

As the two young men would garland the goat, it laughed wildly.

There was no third person nearby. The two boys got frightened at the goat's weird beha-





away. But the goat hurried to say, "There is no need for fear, fellows, I'm not going to harm you."

"Is it not surprising that you should speak like a human being?" asked the Brahmin, recovering from his daze.

"Not surprising. Once I was a human being like you—and a Brahmin too. That was long ago. I was a sinner in many ways. Then, under the delusion that a certain rite would purify me, I too had sacrificed a goat! But I could not have deceived Providence. I have been reborn five hundred times, every time a goat! Four hundred and ninety-nine times I have been sacrificed by somebody or the other. I shall lose my head for the 500th time today and that will free me from my sins. After the bath in the river suddenly the memory of the past flashed in my mind. That is why I laughed," explained the goat.

"But why did you weep?" asked the Brahmin.

"To be frank, when I realised that you are going to do exactly what I had done five hundred births ago—and you too would be reborn as a goat and suffer like me—I wept for your foolishness and the sorrow in store

viour. They looked at each other.

The goat stopped laughing as suddenly as it had begun.

Then it began shedding tears. The two friends led it back to their master.

"Master!" they whispered, "the goat seems to be a possessed one. It laughed and wept like a human being. Will it be wise to use it for a holy sacrifice? Better we find another goat."

"Please, good fellows, use me for the sacrifice by all means!" spoke out the goat.

The Brahmin and his two disciples were about to swoon

for you," said the goat.

The Brahmin stood thinking for a long time. It dawned on him that it was futile to believe that by sacrificing a goat he can be absolved of the fruits of his misdeeds. Rather this deed would add to his sins.

He told the goat, "I am not going to sacrifice you."

"But I am not afraid of dying! To tell you the truth, I am looking forward to my death!" said the goat.

"Whatever you might wish, I am not going to kill you," asserted the Brahmin.

"But I am destined to die today. If you don't kill me, someone else would," said the

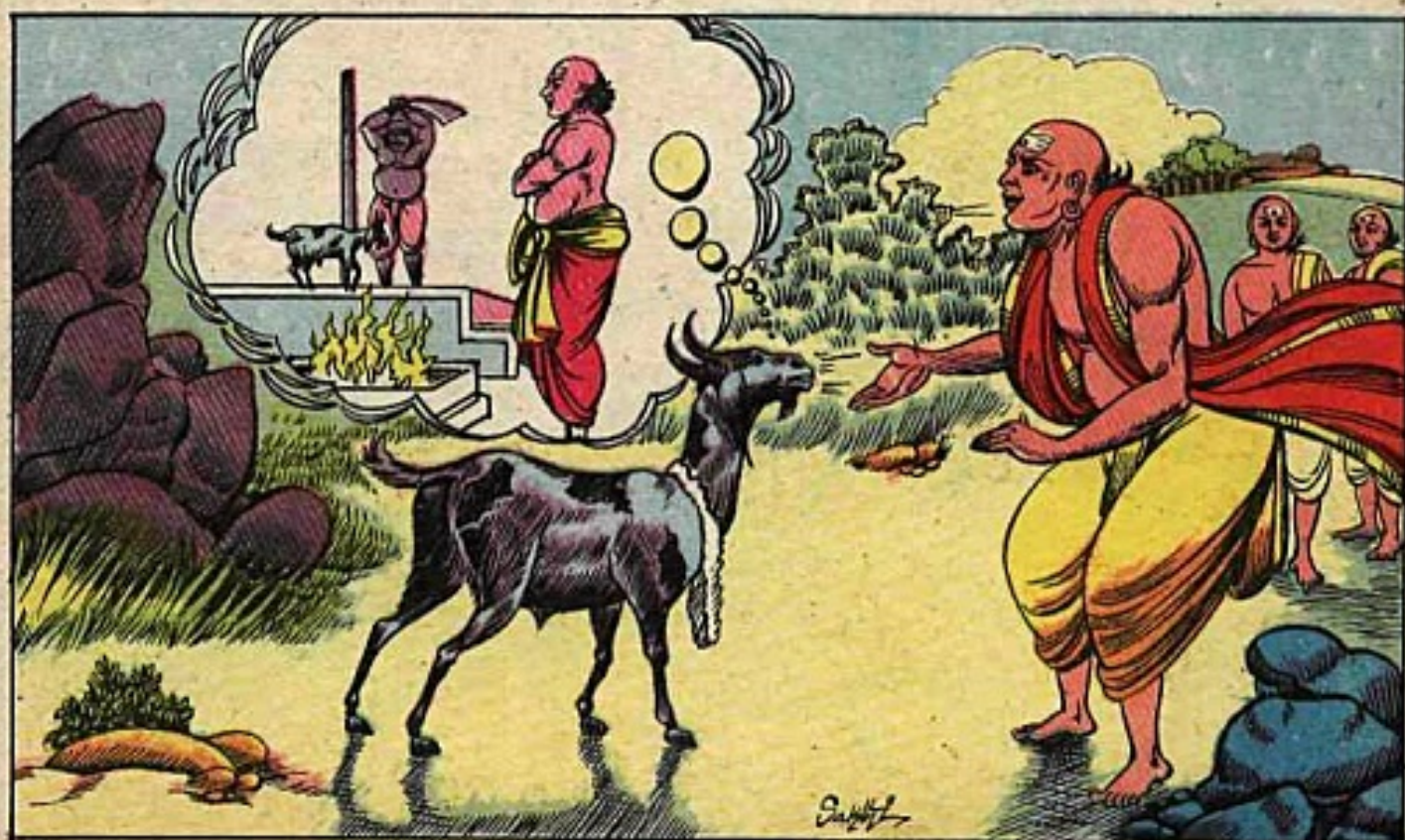
goat.

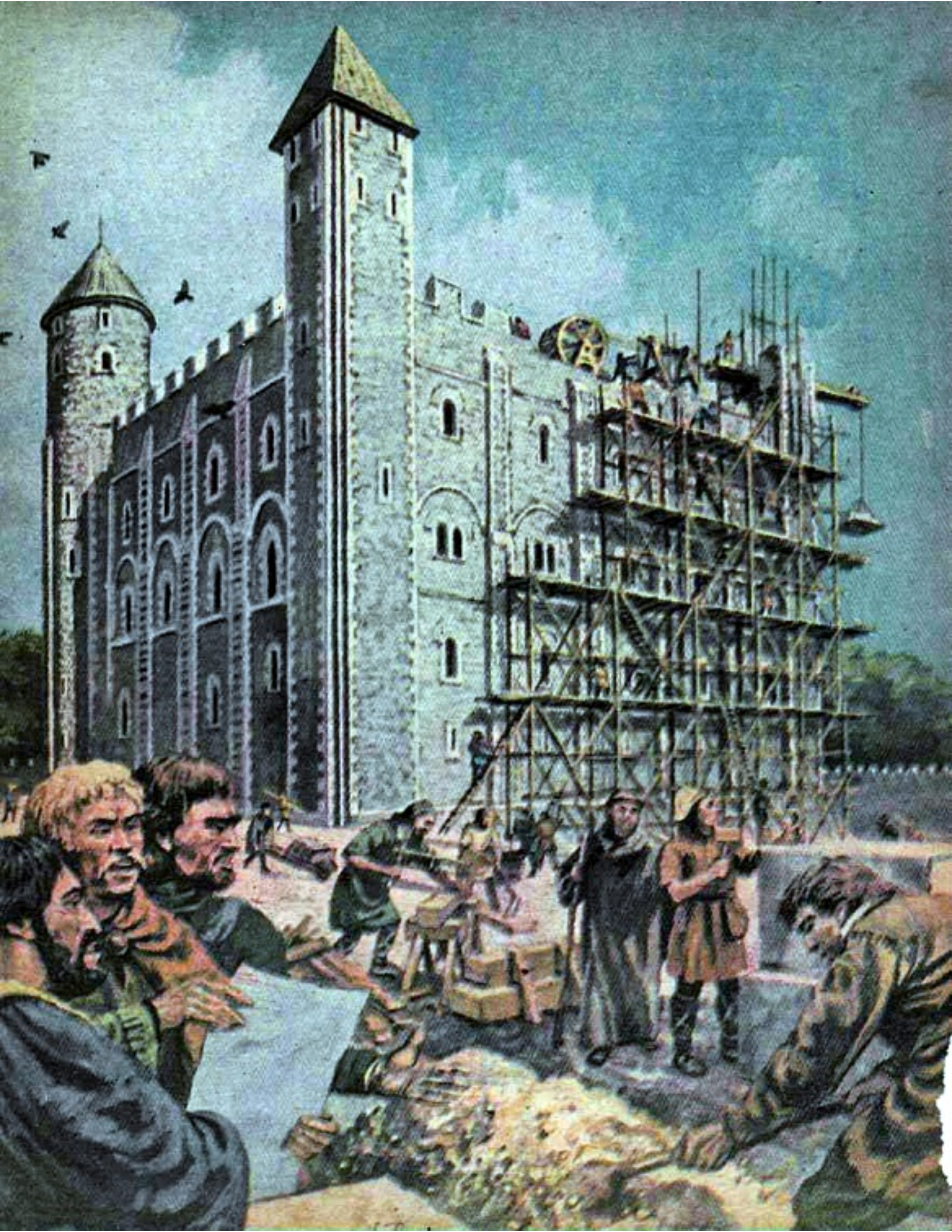
"I'll see to it that nobody kills you," said the Brahmin.

They set the goat free and followed it. The goat ambled about and then climbed a hill. Soon a storm broke out. As the Brahmin and his disciples stood below the hill keeping an eye on the goat, a lightning struck it dead.

Bodhisattva, who then stood there as a tree, witnessed the event. He was happy that at least some people had realised that one cannot escape the consequence of one's own deeds by blindly performing some rites or rituals.

From the Buddha Jataka.





THE TOWER OF LONDON

For nearly a thousand years this massive castle has maintained its grim reputation as a place of no return for the enemies of the state.

It was during the early days of the 2nd World War that Rudolf Hess, Hitler's Deputy, arrived in London under a heavy escort. His presence in the heart of enemy territory was a mystery.

He had to be guarded with total security, and so he was taken to a great ancient building beside the river Thames. The massive gates crashed shut behind him, and the escort breathed a sigh of relief.

A Terror to 'Traitors'

"They have put him in the Tower," people said, and it was astonishing how fearful that phrase could still be. Down through the centuries the history of that pale fortress has abounded with tales of men and women who had sought power unwisely, played the traitor, or made an enemy of the British king or queen.

The Tower of London was the ultimate symbol of authority, its grim reputation was that of a place to which prisoners made a one-way journey;

once its gates closed on their victim there was no coming back.

Grim the Tower may be, but it is fascinating, too, as may be judged from the fact that it is London's top tourist attraction.

The Tower is as much a marvel of construction today as it was when William the Conqueror ordered it to be built within weeks of his seizure of the British throne. And with what genius his masons worked can be judged from the fact that it has survived virtually untouched by the passage of the centuries. It is also a unique building, the oldest fortress in the world that is still occupied.

William gave the task of planning and supervising building of his fortress to a Norman named Gundulf, a monk.

King William's massive, virtually indestructible four-towered fortress was to remain almost unchanged, but succeeding monarchs improved its strength and usefulness by adding outer

walls until the "Tower" consisted of no less than twenty towers and two bastions, two outer walls and a moat. The open space between the outer walls grew into a small, self-sufficient little military town, with barracks, armouries, a parade ground, and even a hospital. The Tower also housed the Royal Mint until 1811, and from the 13th century there was even a zoo, which was a great local attraction until it was moved to Regent's Park in 1834.

Blood's Burglary

Today, the great attraction of the Tower of London is the Crown Jewels, on show in a specially designed under-ground

chamber that displays the priceless collection to best advantage and is as near burglar-proof as modern electronics can make it. But this was not always the case. During the time they were kept in the Martin Tower a one-time officer of Cromwell's army, Colonel Blood, succeeded in stealing the jewels.

Disguised as a country person, Blood became friendly with the eighty-year-old caretaker, and was in due course invited to dinner. Having persuaded the old man to show him the royal treasures, Blood and his accomplices knocked him unconscious with a mallet and made off with the crown, orb,



and sceptre. The chase that followed must have been wildly funny for anyone not in the line of fire of the bullets that were flying about, the climax occurring when the robber carrying the sceptre was swept from his saddle by a barber's pole he had not noticed.

Overpowered at last, Blood seemed a certain candidate for an elaborately grisly end. However, much to everyone's surprise, he treated the whole escapade as a joke and said that he would only confess to the king in person.

Charles II laughed heartily at the prisoner's account of his crime, pardoned him and awarded him a pension of £500 into the bargain. But why? To this day nobody has ever found out, although it has been suggested that possibly the king, permanently pressed for ready

money, may have himself commissioned Blood to carry out the robbery in exchange for a share of the loot.

Two million visitors a year photograph the Tower's magnificently uniformed Yeomen Warders, or Beefeaters, so called not because they live exclusively on beef but because they were once the guardians of the king's buffet or "Boufitiers." The batteries of cameras also record with equal enthusiasms the six ravens who strut about Tower Hill in the confident knowledge that it is said that the Tower will only stand for as long as they remain. Photogenic the Beefeaters and ravens may be, but it is the Tower itself that grips the attention of visitors above everything else. Standing four square where King William's builders set it 900 years ago, it looks, if anything, better than new.

**DID YOU
KNOW
THIS WORD?**

Abdals are supposed to be mysterious persons appointed by God through whom the world exists. They are known only to God.

THE ALERT NEIGHBOUR!

Kalyansingh found happiness not only in hoarding money, but also in causing as much difficulty to others as possible.

At night he would open his doors, chests and almirahs and shut them again and again, each time with loud thuds. He will call his dog and provoke it to bark. He will call his servant aloud again and again for no reason whatever. He knew well that his nocturnal activities disturbed the sleep of the neighbours. That gave him much satisfaction.

One day his nearest neighbour had a guest who could not sleep at night because of the noise. In the morning he learnt from his host all about Kalyansingh.

At an opportune moment he greeted Kalyansingh and said, "I yearned to meet the noble neighbour to whom all feel so grateful!"

"Grateful to me? What for?" asked Kalyansingh, quite surprised.

"You remain awake and alert at night. No thief or burglar dares to enter this locality. Your neighbours feel so safe!" said the guest.

Thereafter nobody heard Kalyansingh making any noise at night.



THE TWILIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY

In this month of Christmas is it not interesting to remember that one of the earliest Christian communities grew in India? It was perhaps the only Christian community to grow peacefully in an age when there was great opposition to the new religion in other parts of the world.

St. Thomas, the Apostle—one of the direct disciples of Jesus—reached India in A.D. 1st century. He preached along the Malabar Coast. The descendants of those who were initiated by him are known as the Syrian Christians, because St. Thomas came from Syria.





LET US KNOW

What does the word *Jew* mean? What is the religion of the Jews?

—Murali Sivaraman, Calcutta.

The word *Jew* is derived from the Latin *Judaeus* which again is derived from the Hebrew *Yehudhi*.

Yehudhi means a descendant of Yehudhah. He was the fourth son of Jacob and Jacob was the grandson of Abraham and is looked upon as the traditional ancestor of the people of Israel.

The religion of the Jews is Judaism. It is a monotheist religion, based on the concept of one transcendent and omnipotent God whose will, revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai in 13th century B.C., is known as the *Torah*.

***From our February '81 number
Begins***

**An original fairy-tale novelette
THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY**

***By*
MANOJ DAS**

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Brahm Dev



Mr. D. N. Shirke

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs .25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the October '80 goes to:
Mr. Ramesh Rabindranath, 212 Secretariate Colony,
Ambattur, Madras 600 053.

The Winning Entry: 'A Ritual' – 'So Spiritual'

**PICKS FROM
THE WISE**

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

Wisdom is better than rubies.

A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

Join The **Jetking®** KNOWLEDGE QUIZ CONTEST & Win FABULOUS PRIZES

1ST PRIZE
Jetking SELECTA VISION
TV

2ND PRIZE Jetking HARILILA 40 WATTS STEREO AMPLIFIER.

3RD PRIZE Jetking SKYLAB 2 BAND TRANSISTOR KIT.

4TH PRIZE Jetking GURU M.W. TRANSISTOR KIT.

This contest is open to all in India below 20 years of age.
How to enter the Jetking Quiz Contest.

1. Answer all the quiz questions.
2. Complete the sentence below in not more than 12 words.
"I want to make a transistor myself because _ _ _ _"
3. Cut out the coupon below fill it in carefully and send it with your entry to JETKING KITS INDIA (Quiz Contest), 433, BUSSA INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, SEWREE, BOMBAY-400 015.
4. You can send as many entries as you like but every entry must be accompanied by a coupon.
5. Your entry must reach Jetking Kits India not later than December 31, 1980.
6. Members and employees of Jetking Kits India and their advertising agents are not eligible to enter this contest.
7. Decision of the judges will be final.

QUIZ QUESTIONS:

1. How long does it take light to reach the earth from the sun and the moon?
2. Which animal never drinks water?
3. What does term F.M. mean?
4. Where in the world does the sun appear green?
5. Which tree grows fastest?
6. What is a stereo amplifier?

NAME: _____

AGE: _____ SEX: _____

ADDRESS: _____

JETKING KITS INDIA

433, BUSSA INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, SEWREE, BOMBAY-400 015.



**A new book for
my birthday**

**A UCObANK
PASS BOOK**



A gift that begets gifts.
That's my UCObANK
Pass Book.

Thanks for the thought
Mum ! And 'thank you'
UCObANK for multiplying
my little savings.



United Commercial Bank
the friendly bank round the corner

RAM & SHYAM

GO 'TROUBLE SHOOTING'.

RAM, THIS JOURNEY SEEMS VERY LONG!

YES... AND I HAVE RUN OUT OF SONGS.



HEY LOOK! I'VE A FEELING SOMETHING NASTY'S HAPPENING... THERE'S A DARK DIRTY VILLAIN SELLING POPPINS TO LITTLE CHILDREN.



YES! THE POPPINS HE'S SELLING ARE CHEAP IMITATIONS... BAD FOR HEALTH AND BAD FOR DIGESTION!



AH SHYAM, GO TELL THE KIDS ABOUT THIS MAN'S WRONG DEEDS...



WHILE I TAKE THIS HANDFUL OF REAL POPPINS AND AIM AT HIS BIG FEET.



AH LOOK! HE IS SLIPPING... I'LL GET HIM. HE'S FALLING... IT'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON TO STOP ALL THIS CHEATING!



MEANWHILE I THINK... I'LL TAKE THESE REAL POPPINS AND GIVE THEM TO THE KIDS... THEY DESERVE A TREAT.



LICKABLE
LIKEABLE
LOVABLE

PARLE
POPPINS FRUITY SWEETS



5 FRUITY FLAVOURS —
RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE,
LEMON, ORANGE AND LIME.